

AUGUST

No.26

BLACKHAWK

QUALITY
COMICS
I.C.D.
8

10¢

clashes with the
MENACE
of a
SUNKEN
WORLD!

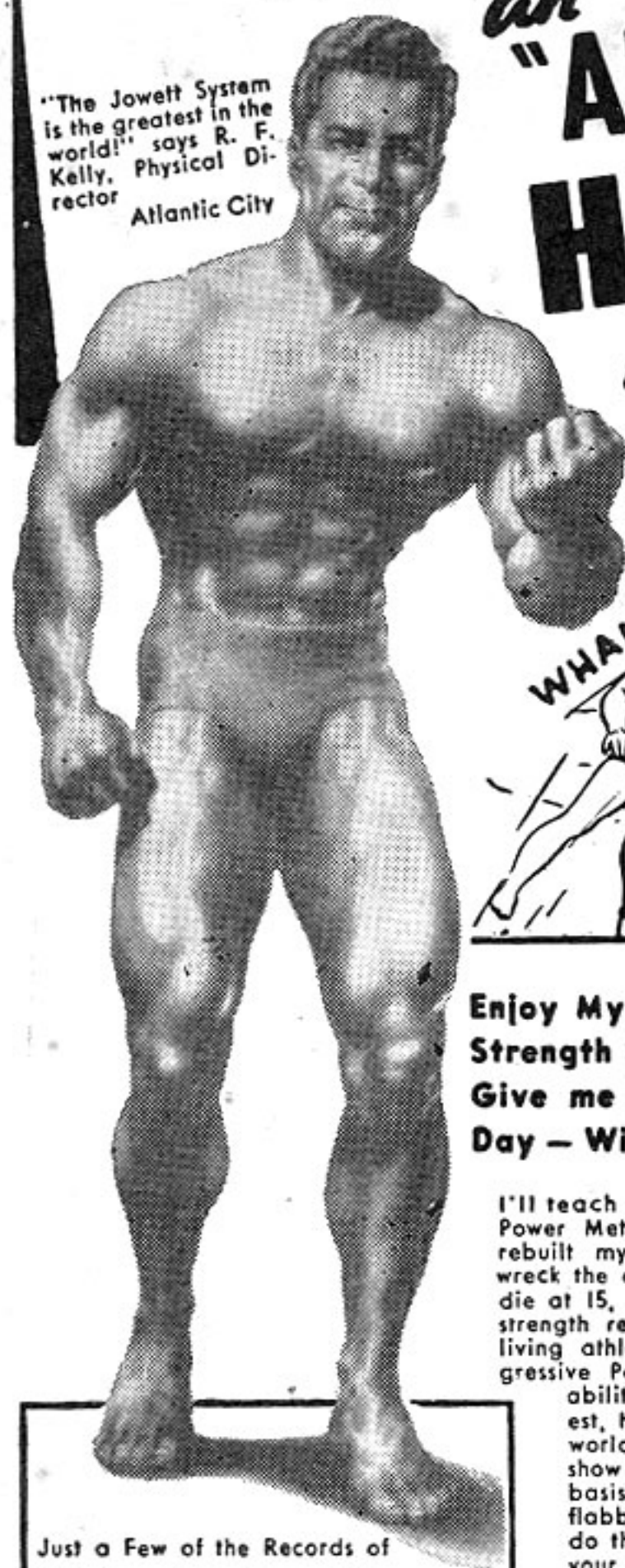




WEB COMIC
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Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make you an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

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FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
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Now
**ALL 5 FAMOUS
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PLUS
MY PHOTO BOOK OF
FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

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HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



DARLING, THAT
BULLY WON'T
PICK ON YOU
AGAIN.



JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER
HOMER! HE'S
SURE TO BE
CAPTAIN NOW!



JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY
AND APPEARANCE
SURE DO A GOOD JOB!
YOU EARNED YOUR
PROMOTION.

Enjoy My "Progressive Power"
Strength Secrets!
Give me 10 Easy Minutes a
Day — Without Strain!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation — to win popularity — and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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I am making a drive for thousands of
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So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume **FOR ONLY 25¢**
PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!
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NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS _____

BLACKHAWK

Even in remote jungles, all but unknown to mankind, evil maintains its fastness! It was by the merest chance that the Blackhawks found and destroyed the savage outlaw horde known as **SKAGG'S RAIDERS!**



BLACKHAWK

LOOK, SKAGG!
A LONE PLANE..
CRUISING THIS
WAY! WE COULD
USE IT, EH?

RIGHT,
DORNA! GO
OUT IN THE
CLEARING
BELOW AND
FAKE A
DISTRESS
SIGNAL!

'ALLO, BLACKHAWK,' ANDRE
REPORTING... I SEE SOME-
ONE WAVING ZE CLOTH FAR
BELOW ME! A POOR SOUL
IN TROUBLE, SANS
DOUBTE!
OVER!

INVESTIGATE,
ANDRE! WE'LL
STAND BY!



ZE TRAP? HAVE A
CARE... I AM OF ZE
BLACKHAWKS!

THANK
HEAVEN
YOU SAW
MY SIGNAL,
SIR!

MORT DE MA VIE! HAD I
KNOWN ZERE WAS SO
BEAUTIFUL A MA'M'SELLE
I WOULD HAVE LANDED
SOONER! PERMETTEZ -
MOI... ZE NAME IS
ANDRE...



BLACKHAWKS,
HE SAYS! I'VE
HEARD OF
THEM, BUT
NEVER
BELIEVED
THEY WERE
REAL!

WE NEED THAT PLANE
OF YOURS, MY FRIEND!
Y'SEE, WE'RE COLLEC-
TORS OF RARE
TREASURE... FROM
BANKS AND SHOPS
YONDER IN
CIVILIZATION!

GOOD WORK, DORNA!
HE CAME INTO YOUR
TRAP LIKE A RABBIT!



THIS BIT OF JUNGLE IS IN ONE
COUNTRY... WE CROSS THREE
DIFFERENT BOUNDARIES NEAR
HERE TO ROB VICTIMS! AS
SKAGG SAYS, YOUR PLANE
WILL BE HANDY FOR QUICK
GETAWAYS!

AS FOR YOU,
WE'LL TREAT
YOU TO A NICE
LONG REST...
SIX FEET
UNDERGROUND!



IF YOU'VE GOT ANY
PRAYERS TO MUMBLE...

HOLD IT, SKAGG!
MAYBE WE'LL NEED
HIM!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



NO, OLAF! CHOP CHOP MAKE GUESS RIGHT WAY!



DON'T I ALWAYS SAY CHOP CHOP'S THE SMARTEST OF THE BLACKHAWKS? MOVE ALONG THE PATH... CHOP CHOP WILL LEAD... THE REST OF US WILL SPACE OUT BEHIND HIM!



BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE PATH THROUGH THE JUNGLE... AND WE HAVE GUARDS FOR THAT!



OOO! SAVE AMMUNITION, PLEASE! ME JUST STUPID CHINA BOY, LOOKEE FOR STLEET CAR!



ME NO MAKEE YELL! AND ME NO GOT GANG... ME NO GANGSTER!



TAKE CARE OF HIM QUIETLY! THEN WE'LL ADVANCE TO SEE WHAT'S BEYOND!



BLACKHAWK





BLACKHAWK





BLACKHAWK





We strike, no matter where
Our foemen hide their lair...
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



BLACKHAWK

CHOP CHOP

BUT HONORABLE
PRIME MINISTER, HOW
CAN WE TELL WHICH IS
HIS HIGHNESS AND WHICH
IS MISERABLE INTER-
LOPER, CHOP
CHOP?

THERE IS ONLY
ONE WAY TO SETTLE
IT! BEHEAD THEM
BOTH!



OH, GOLLIES! IS TRUE?
CHOP CHOP'S COUSIN,
CHOP CHIN, IS
EMPEROR OF
LITTLE WON LUNG!
WHAT HONOR!

YOU ARE ENTERING
WON LUNG
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS CHOP CHIN
EMPEROR

HOO DUCK,
PRIME MINISTER &
GENERAL MANAGER

HAVE NOT SEEN CHOP CHIN
SINCE BOYHOOD! WE HAVE
NICE LONG VISIT AND MAYBE
ROYAL RECEPTION! HE BE
VELLY SURPRISED TO
SEE ME!



Meanwhile, at the palace ...

HERE, HONORABLE HIGHNESS, SIGN THIS DECREE INCREASING TAXES AGAIN!

AGAIN? BUT HONORABLE HOO DUCK, THE PEOPLE ARE STARVING NOW! HOW CAN THEY PAY MORE TAXES?



WHAAAT? YOU DARE ARGUE WITH PRIME MINISTER? WHO RUNS THIS COUNTRY, ANYHOW? YOU OR ME?

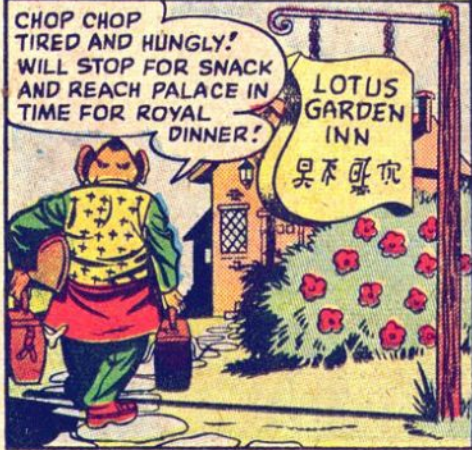
Y-YOU! I WILL SIGN DECREE!



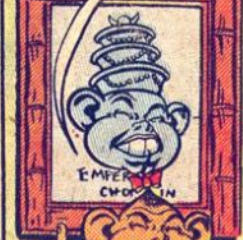
While, back on the dusty road ...

CHOP CHOP TIRED AND HUNGLY! WILL STOP FOR SNACK AND REACH PALACE IN TIME FOR ROYAL DINNER!

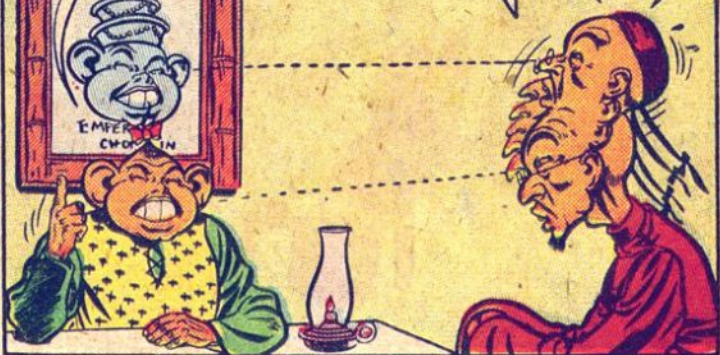
LOTUS GARDEN INN
吳不取悅



HOW DO! WILL HAVE LIGHT LUNCH, PLEASE!



SO SOLL! TAX COLLECTORS TAKE ALL FOOD! EVERYBODY STARVING... ULP! YOUR HIGHNESS! ONE MOMENT, PLEASE...



WHAT WE DO? HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN DISGUISE! IF WE BRING FOOD, HE PROBABLY RAISE TAXES AGAIN!

BUT IF NOT, WE HAVE HEAD CHOPPED OFF! WE BETTER FIX BIG DINNER FOR EMPEROR!



An hour later ...

NO CHARGE, HONORABLE HIGHNESS! MY GOODNESS, SUCH HOSPITALITY! BUT PLEASE NOT CALL ME 'HIGHNESS'!



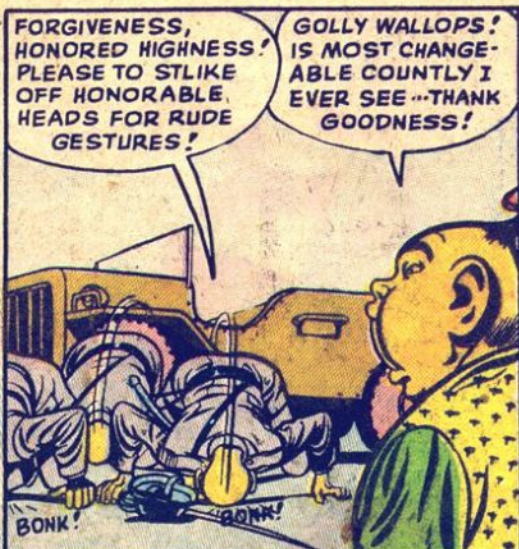
AS YOU REQUEST, HONORABLE HIGHNESS!

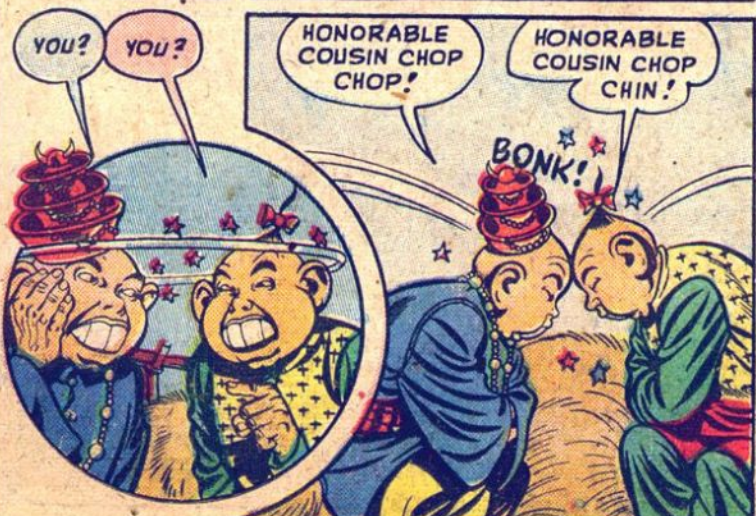
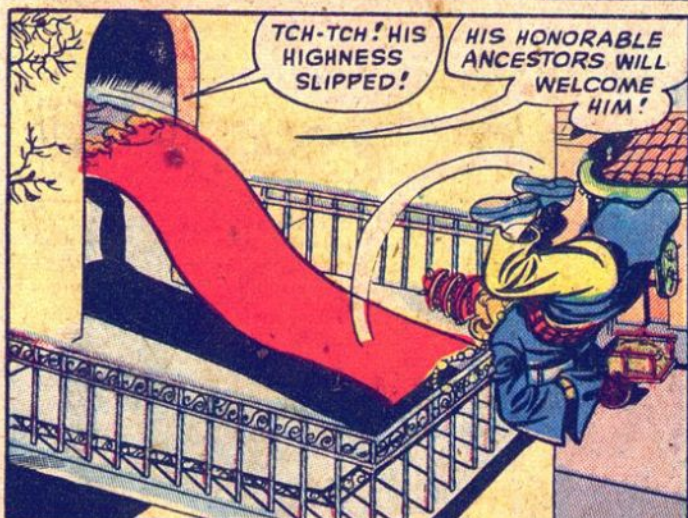
THIS WON LUNG NICE COUNTRY! MAKE EVERYBODY FEEL LIKE KING! BUT I INSIST ON PAYING FOR NICE DINNER!



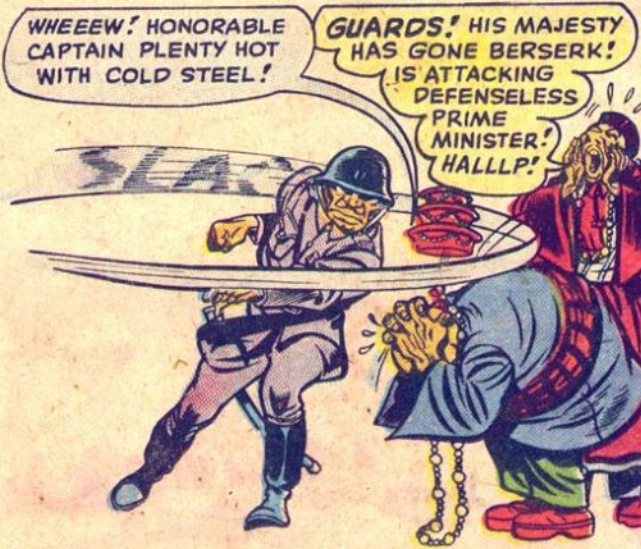
BLACKHAWK



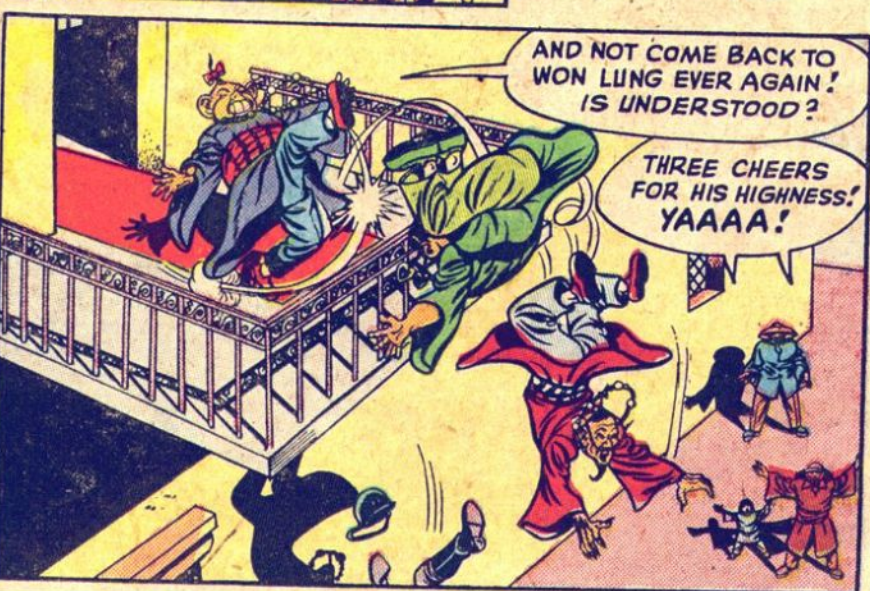








BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

Only Skin Deep



IT is often said of women that their beauty is only skin deep, and thus it was with the city of Coastport. On the surface it was a thriving metropolis gay, lusty, bustling. But beneath the thin veneer of health, a malignant cancer flourished and it was sapping the city's vitality, causing the once healthy vines of commerce to wither and fall away.

It was to combat this cancer—the cancer of crime—that the city had called the Blackhawks.

Chief Jamison, of the Coastport police in briefing the Blackhawks upon their arrival, had warned that the criminals would stop at nothing to protect their lucrative rackets, which started at the piers and wound endlessly into the heart of the city. With characteristic disregard for danger, however, the Blackhawks had gone forward. One by one the lesser lights had been brought to justice, and now slowly and relentlessly they were preparing to move in on the leaders, the brains behind the criminals. To this end, Blackhawk for the first time had released to the press the whereabouts of his headquarters. They were located in a low, water-front saloon run by an "honest" proprietor and Blackhawk and "Keys" McDonald, a local news reporter who had helped track down the small fry among the criminals, were there, dressed in rough longshoreman's garb and waiting for something to happen.

"Tonight's the night, Keys," said Blackhawk, stroking his stubbled chin. "It's got to be, because if they don't move tonight, they know I'll be after them tomorrow. That's why I have Andre, Chuck and the rest of the boys spread out along Front Street."

"I think you're right," was the reporter's laconic response. "You'll be hearing from 'em—I feel it in my bones."

As if in answer to the reporter's remark, the wrist radio on Blackhawk's arm emitted a few introductory noises and then the unmistakable French accent of Andre was heard. "Blackhawk, this is Blackhawk two! Six men in a black sedan now leaving pier seven. Heading south. That's all."

From then on events moved with startling swiftness. With metronomic regularity Blackhawk's outposts reported the progress of the black sedan to his headquarters. It was shortly after Hendrickson, who was stationed only five minutes away, reported in that Blackhawk told Keys to alert the city police. After that the tempo picked up considerably. Blackhawk took up a position in the shadows near the saloon's front door, from where he could see everything without being seen. From this vantage point, he observed the black, obviously armor-plate sedan draw up to the curb. He watched with interest as six men alighted, and then, with

dismay as he saw them pull two more men, with arms pinioned behind their backs, from the back seat. The two men were Andre and Olaf, but Blackhawk didn't have time to worry about how they had been captured because Keys came running back to tell him that the phone was out of order, the wires cut. As the thugs milled around on the sidewalk, making ready to enter, the dauntless crime-fighter called Chuck by wrist radio and told him to hurry over as fast as he could. By this time the racketeers were entering the door.

"Okay, Frencie," growled the swarthy gang leader to Andre, where's dis Blackbeard you're talking so much about. Point him out to me."

Andre searched the room carefully. His gaze passed over Blackhawk without recognition, except for an imperceptible droop of his eyelid. Then with a shrug, he said, "Ma foi, leetle peeg, Blackhawk ees not here."

"We'll see about dat," was the leader's gruff response. With a nod he dispatched two of his henchmen to the back room.

Now thought Blackhawk, the odds are even. Suddenly he sprang from the shadow and dealt the leader a blow on the side of the head that felled him like an ox. At the same time, Andre and Stanislaus, alert to Blackhawk's slightest move, threw vicious, bone-crushing body blocks at two of the other thugs. Keys McDonald took care of the fourth man with a well placed blow of his portable typewriter, which he never was without. Then came Chuck and the remaining Blackhawks, closely followed by Chief Jamison and his burly policemen.


"Splendid work, Blackhawk," said the chief enthusiastically. "So you've got 'em at last, eh?"

"No, Chief," Blackhawk replied thoughtfully. "I don't think we've got the real leader yet, but we're close. I'd say."

"You're a darned sight closer than you think, Blackie," interrupted the swarthy mobster, scrambling to his feet shakily. "There's your man," he continued, pointing an accusing finger at the saloon's proprietor, who just then emerged from the back room with the other two crooks. "I been running this racket for the likes of him for twenty years, but I ain't takin' no rap for im, see."

"Okay, boys," said Chief Jamison to the assembled cops. "Take the whole bunch back to headquarters. With the help of Blackhawk and his men, we've really cleaned up this town."

Mopping his forehead, Blackhawk began to laugh. "A fine place we picked for a headquarters, Chief. Seems somebody else had the same idea, only he was operating on the wrong side of the law."



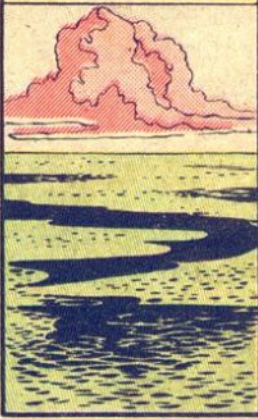
In the year 1849, a small volcanic atoll plunged beneath the waters of the Pacific! A century later it rose again... bearing the secrets hidden by its long immersion! What was the secret of the sunken atoll? Why did *Dr. Morbus*, a man whose very name chilled the hearts of seafarers,

pit his malignant power against *The Blackhawks* to gain possession of *Kauno... Atoll of mystery!*

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

One moment the ocean was bare, the blue water stretching unbroken to the furthest horizon.



...and the next moment a mighty monument of volcanic rock reared upward!



SOUTH BY SOUTHEAST, CAPTAIN! DO YOU SEE IT?

AYE! THAT'S KAUNO ATOLL, ALL RIGHT!



KAUNO ATOLL WAS ON EVERY MAP BEFORE 1849! IT SANK THAT YEAR IN THE GREAT ERUPTION OF KAUNO VOLCANO!

NOW THE ATOLL IS BACK AGAIN! IT-- IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE!



AYE! IT'S A MIRACLE THAT WILL SET PLENTY OF TONGUES TO BUZZING WHEN WE MAKE PORT IN LATUNA!



All news comes sooner or later to the lonely headquarters of Dr. Morbus...

I HEARD THE CAPTAIN TALKING ABOUT IT IN A BAR! AND I STOLE THIS MAP FROM HIM!

AH, YES! THE LOCATION OF KAUNO ATOLL! HOW MANY OTHERS KNOW OF THIS?



THEY MAY HAVE TOLD OTHERS, BUT NO ONE HAS SEEN THE MAP!

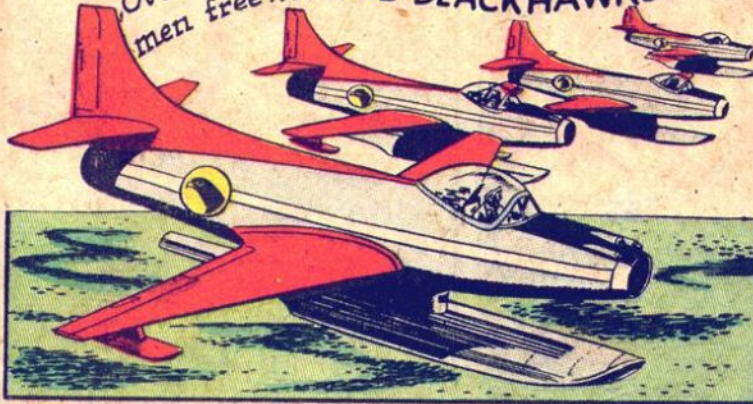
EXCELLENT! HE WILL TELL NO ONE ELSE! NO MAP IN THE WORLD CAN GUIDE THE CAPTAIN TO HIS NEXT DESTINATION!



BLACKHAWK

Several days later, as The Blackhawks, dark knights of the skyways, are flying a routine patrol...

Over land, over sea, We fight to make men free... **WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!**

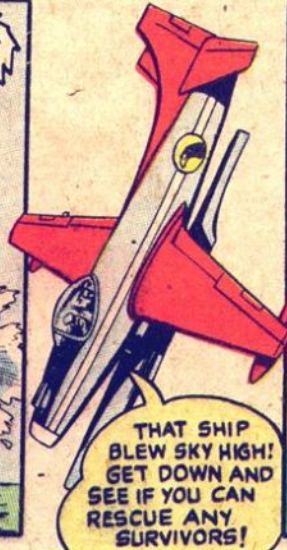


ALL CLEAR ON THIS SIDE! OVER!

NOTHING TO REPORT, BLACKHAWK! ONLY A MERCHANT SHIP IN SIGHT!



MIGHT AS WELL TURN BA... **GREAT THUNDER!**

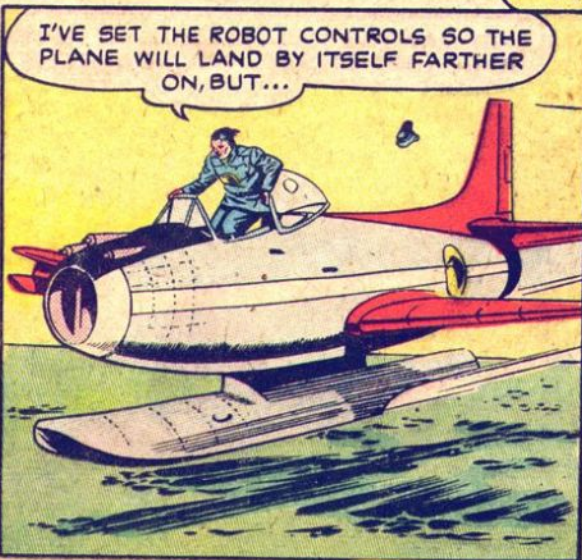


THAT SHIP BLEW SKY HIGH! GET DOWN AND SEE IF YOU CAN RESCUE ANY SURVIVORS!

THE OIL SLICK'S ON FIRE! AND THERE'S SOMEONE RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE!



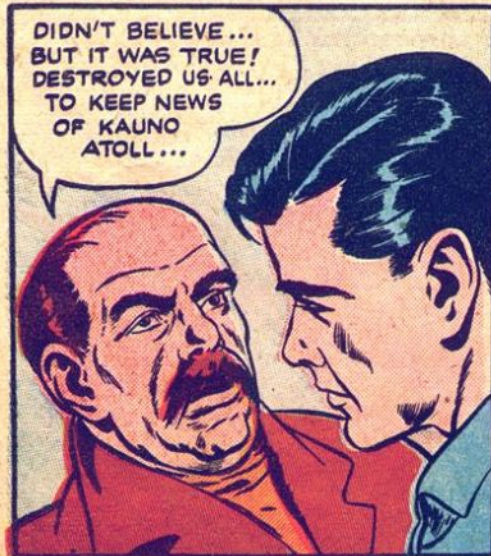
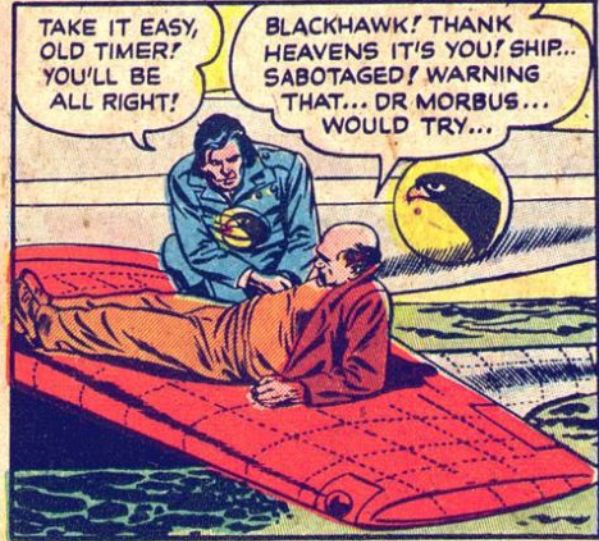
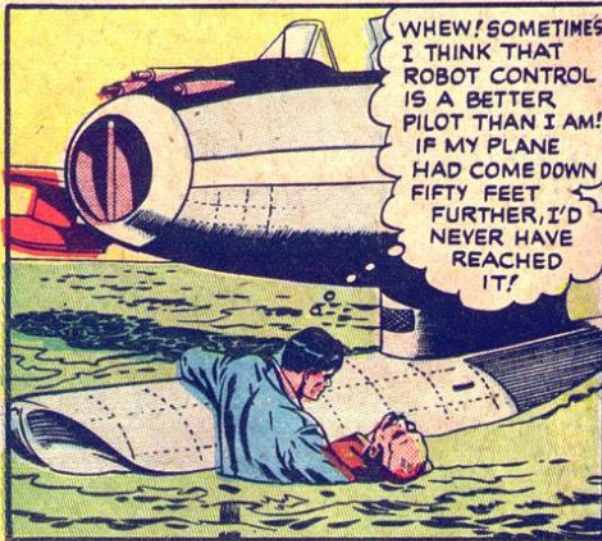
I'VE SET THE ROBOT CONTROLS SO THE PLANE WILL LAND BY ITSELF FARTHER ON, BUT...



IT'S IN THE SEA OF FLAMES FOR ME!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

Later, a hastily called council meeting on Blackhawk Island...

HE ACCUSED DR. MORBUS OF SABOTAGING HIS SHIP! IF SO, HE KILLED FORTY OR FIFTY MEN TO KEEP INFORMATION ABOUT KAUNO ATOLL FROM GETTING OUT!

ZAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, MON AMI!



I 'AVE NEVAIR HEARD OF ZIS KAUNO ATOLL! EET EES NOT EVEN LISTED ON ANY MAPS OF ZIS AREA!



NOT ON ANY PRESENT-DAY MAPS! BUT HERE IT IS, ON A MAP DATED 1836! IT WAS LOCATED SEVERAL MILES SOUTH OF KAUNO VOLCANO!

PLEASE EXPLAIN SAME! CHOP CHOP NO FIGURE HOW ISLAND CAN GO AWAY SOME-PLACE!



THIS ISLAND VANISHED FOLLOWING THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF 1849! OF COURSE, THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY DR. MORBUS SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN A SUNKEN ATOLL...

YUMPIN' YIMINY! MAYBE HE BAN USE DIVERS TO GO DOWN FOR SOMETHING OR UDDER!



WE'RE GOING TO DO A RECONNOITERING JOB ON THAT AREA! WE'VE BEEN HOPING TO TANGLE WITH DR. MORBUS FOR A LONG TIME...AND I DON'T INTEND TO PASS UP ANY CHANCE!



Strong and clear sounds the rallying cry of the Blackhawks as they embark on a new adventure...

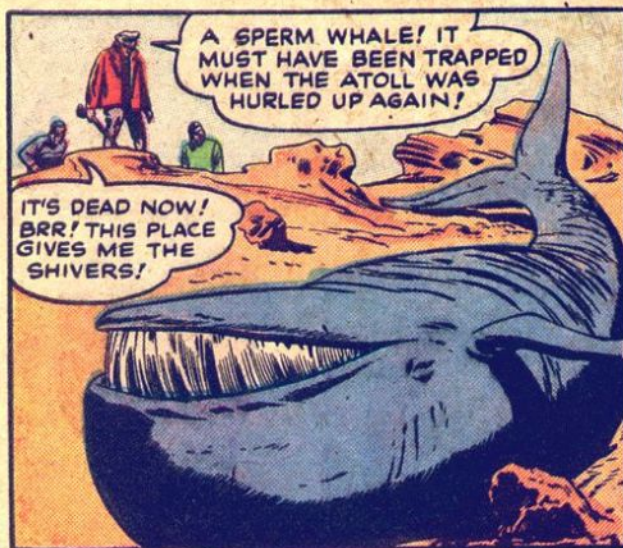
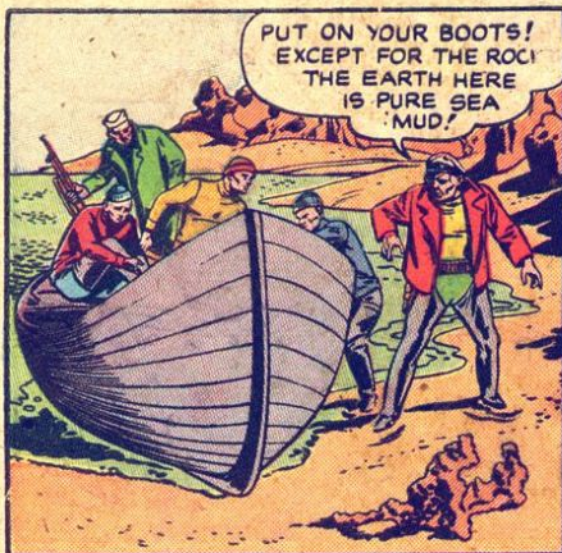
HAWKAAAAA!



But at this moment, Kauno Atoll prepares to receive its first visitors in a century...

STEADY AS SHE GOES! WE'LL TRY A LANDING ON THE BEACH AHEAD!



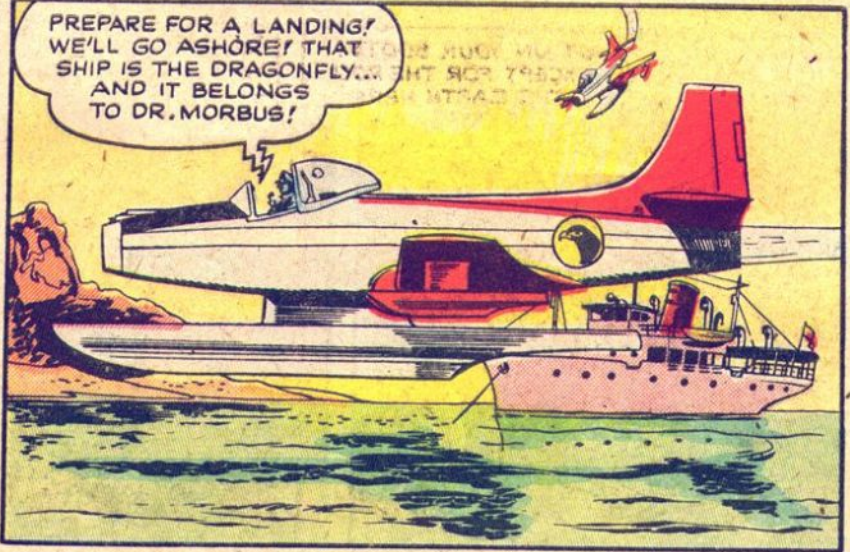


BLACKHAWK

A SHIP ANCHORED OFF THE ATOLL! IT CAN GET HERE BEFORE US!



PREPARE FOR A LANDING! WE'LL GO ASHORE! THAT SHIP IS THE DRAGONFLY... AND IT BELONGS TO DR. MORBUS!



THE BLACKHAWKS ARE LANDING! WE MUST PREPARE A WELCOME FOR THEM! AND IT MUST BE WORTHY OF SUCH ADVERSARIES!



GO BACK TO THE SMALL BOAT! YOU WILL FIND THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES! DO NOT LET ONE OF THE BLACKHAWKS REACH THIS ATOLL ALIVE!

YES, DR. MORBUS!



THE BEACH LOOKS PRETTY QUIET, BLACKHAWK!

TOO QUIET TO SUIT ME!



THEY'RE ALMOST WITHIN THE RANGE!

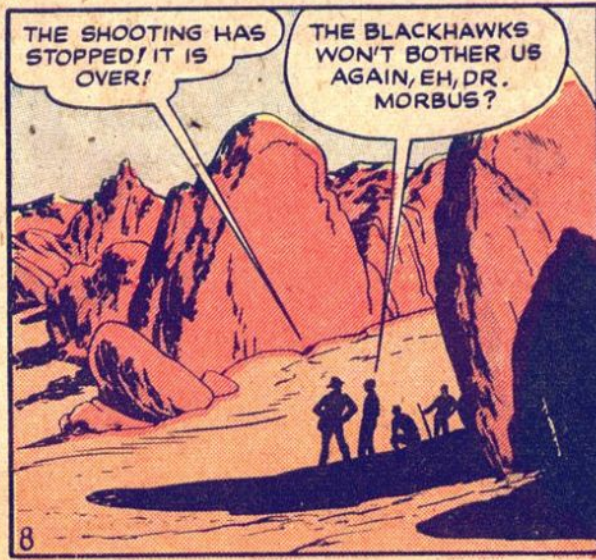
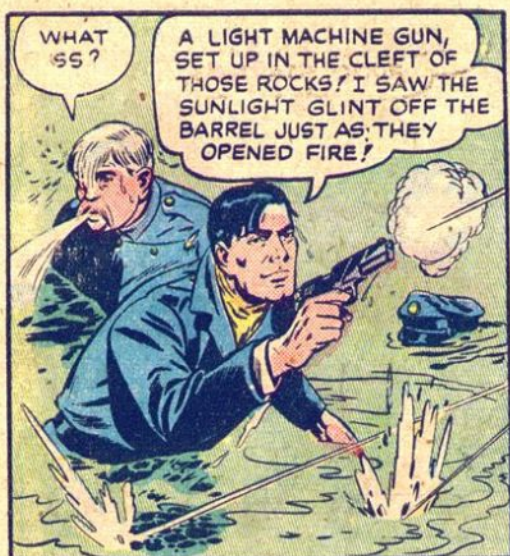
WAIT! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS! I HAVE HEARD STORIES ABOUT THE BLACKHAWKS!



LOOK OUT!

RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT







OUR MEN CAN JOIN US LATER!
WE'LL PUSH ON TO THE SITE
OF THE TREASURE!



ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THIS IS
THE SPOT! A HUNDRED PACES
FROM THE POINTING FINGER
ROCK! START DIGGING,
MEN!

AYE! BUT THIS
ROCKY GROUND
WILL MAKE IT
HARD GOING!

THE PRIZE IS WORTH
IT, MEN! KAUNO
ATOLL IS THE SPOT
WHERE CAPTAIN
ZARAGOSSA, A
FAMOUS PIRATE,
BURIED HIS PLUNDER!
THE SPOILS OF
TWENTY YEARS OF
PIRACY ARE HIDDEN
UNDER OUR FEET, IF
WE CAN FIND IT!

HOW CAN WE
BE SURE IT'S
STILL HERE, DR.
MORBUS?

ZARAGOSSA WAS
SAILING HERE TO
GET IT WHEN HIS
SHIP WAS SUNK BY
A BRITISH MAN-O-WAR!
ALL HIS HANDS
WERE LOST EXCEPT
ONE SAILOR... HE
MADE THIS MAP ON
HIS DEATHBED, SHOW-
ING THE LOCATION OF
THE TREASURE!



SOONER OR LATER EVERY-
THING COMES TO DOCTOR
MORBUS! I GOT THE MAP...
AND NEWS OF THE
ATOLL! TOGETHER THEY
WILL BRING ME A
FORTUNE BEYOND THE
WILDEST DREAMS OF
ORDINARY MEN!

WHAT'S
THAT? I
HEARD SOME-
THING!



IT SOUNDED LIKE
A FALLING PIECE
OF SHALE.

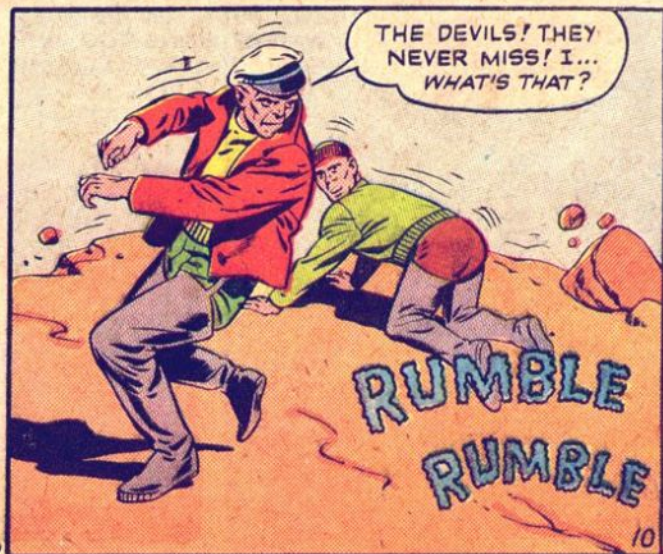
IT'S THE
BLACKHAWKS!



SO SOLLY,
BLACKHAWK!
THIS HUMBLE
PERSON'S FOOT
SLIPPED!

LET'S HOPE DR. MORBUS
DIDN'T HEAR THAT PIECE
OF SHALE FALLING
DOWN THE CLIFF SIDE!





BLACKHAWK



The whole atoll shakes under the power of greater and greater convulsions...





BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action
into INDOOR thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

it's A
**FENCE
BUSTER**



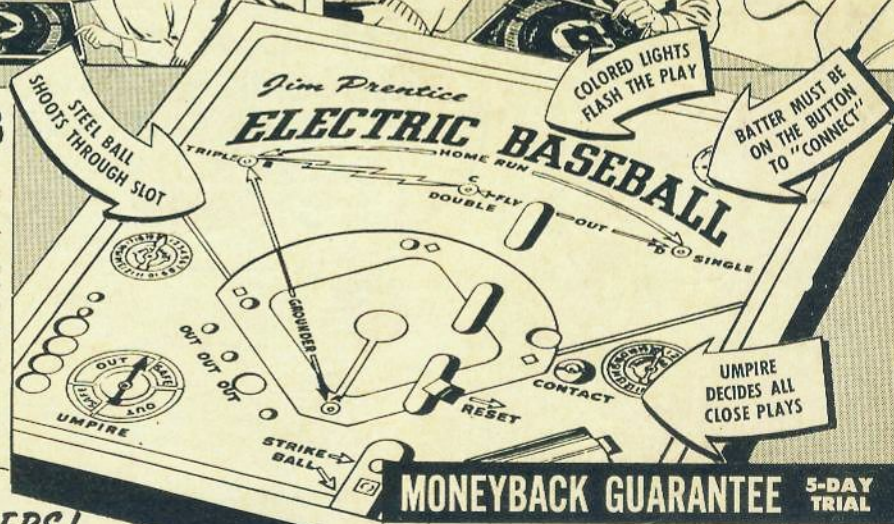
CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
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ELECTRIC BASEBALL



SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry — send for your game — right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.



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Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. REAL FUN — for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

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"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY WIDE-OUT. AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE BEFORE I GET BACK WITH THE POLICE...



HURRY UP WITH THAT RANSOM NOTE, MUSSY, SO WE CAN SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEEPERS--WE'VE GOTTA KEEP THEM HERE 'TIL ROYAL GETS BACK! C'MON--I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HOW TH-- WHAT A TIME FOR FLAT TIRES! GET THE HAND-PUMP-- WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS FASTER AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THEIR TIRES SURE WAS A GREAT IDEA, FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE!-- WE GOT IT OUT OF BIKE COMICS IN "PICNIC PAY-OFF" WHEN JIMMY FULLER--

WHOA! DON'T SPOIL THE STORY... LET OUR READERS GET THEIR FREE COPIES FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY... AND, SAY--WHEN YOU SEE A HAPPY HUDDLE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF BIKE COMICS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



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"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
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DEALER'S TODAY.
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HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



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